

sioned to preach, he dishes up a lot of old hash, grayheaded anecdotes, toothless wit, and with a great deal of dancing and prancing he slobbers this silly, sickly and fraudulent stuff over the congregation. Perhaps if there is a little grace and a few grains of common sense hid away somewhere in his makeup, he will awake sometime or other to the mischief and mistake of it all, and mourn the folly which grieved away the Spirit of the Lord.

Of a like nature is the temptation of numbers and dollars. Somebody or other annually reviews his year's work, some Bishop, or Elder, or Conference, and they look narrowly at the record to see how many "conversions" there were for the year, how much his church has increased, how large the contributions have been to various church enterprises, etc. ad extendum. So our preacher either swells with pride on account of his fine showing, or squirms with mortification because of his poor showing. But as it is far more comfortable to swell with pride than to squirm with mortification, our preacher sets about in a business like way and without too close a scrutiny of methods to make sure that his numbers show a creditable increase, and that his dole to the church benevolences foots up in the figures. This has just got to be done, because not only will the Conference or the Elder or the Bishop hold him responsible for results, but his own congregation will hold him responsible, and that directly affects his holding and his salary. This also is a great temptation and will lead him into the miry clay, unless he is so fortunate as to discover that he has only one thing to do, and that is to please the Lord and tell no lie.

Right along this devious road of self pleasing is the temptation to stifle his own spiritual and intellectual progress under a cloak of conformity. To be on the top wave of popularity with his denomination in general and his congregation in particular is the *acme* of policy, and to do this effectually he gauges the spiritual temperature, he measures the ecclesiastical pattern, and *conforms*. He squeezes himself into the mould, he wiggles into the order, he wields brush and scissors and walk and conversation according to the prevailing fashion, and he is as completely a made up and got together preacher or Christian as if he had been, to begin with, merely a lump of putty. He estimates the average among his people, and he rides right on top of it, rides comfortably, happily, successfully. Do not imagine that this temptation to conformity is in external matters alone. Its most hurtful manifestation is in the hidden man, the spiritual life, the temper of the mind. Blessed is the man who joins wisdom and discretion with transparent honesty and absolute fearlessness. If God has given you such a man in your minister, cherish him, hold up his hands, shield him from temptation.

An Automatic Man

Nicola Tesla, the great inventor, seems to be much given to scientific speculation on the sensational order, and his last idea is a mechanical man which will be such a marvelous piece of mechanism that it will take the place of the hired man and do all the hard work and drudgery of the world. Some one suggests that he could do the world's fighting, too, wage its wars, etc., but this would be quite out of the

question for no one would think for a moment of exposing so fine a piece of mechanism on a battlefield to be knocked to pieces by shot and shell. Strange that anyone would even dream of such a ridiculous proposition. The world has too much sense to commit such an absurd folly. If the automatic man ever arrives, he will be left at home to cultivate the fields while the man of flesh and blood goes to the wars. You'll see.

The First American Saint

Mother Seton, founder of the order of Sisters of Charity, is to be made a saint according to the formula of the Roman Catholic church, and she is the first American to receive this honor. She is long since dead, and, if a child of God, has long since been a real saint, but this is now to be added to by making her a *canonized* saint. The preliminary process is a minute official investigation into the life record of the person who is thus to be lustrated. This seems to be logical, but it would be difficult to find a fitness or adequacy for such a task in a mere mortal, or committee of mortals, themselves imperfect either in judgment, wisdom or holiness. We have no doubt such a close scrutiny is made into the life record of every candidate for sainthood, but it is made by an Eye that nothing can escape. Suppose that Mother Seton has failed to pass this divine scrutiny, what good will her earthly canonization do her? This saint making of the Roman Catholic hierarchy is one of those presumptuous blasphemies for which that church has always been notorious.

Beware

"Evil communications corrupt good manners." Sharks, it is said, have penetrated into the Mediterranean sea from the Red sea thru the Suez canal. That broad channel of commerce, mingling the waters of the two seas, serves also to introduce where they were never known before those frightful monsters of the deep. Is there some channel in our lives, some canal of our own digging, which communicates with some den of iniquity, some deep, dark habitat of death? Be sure that evil in dreadful entity of cruel tooth and insatiable maw will keenly and cunningly find its way into your soul. Open the fatal door of opportunity but a little way and the Destroyer will soon fling it wide and follow the breach with flaming ruin and irreparable woe.

Shut Him Out

The Pacific States are clamoring for the renewal of the Chinese Exclusion act, which soon expires by limitation. They are determined to keep the Chinaman out. Perhaps it is well enough to shut our doors against the yellow flood, but if our western brethren were as zealous to keep some other things out, they would be the gainers by the operation. For example, the saloon. Why not get an exclusion act passed for that? This idea of an exclusion act might be given a personal aspect of great profit if we could go about it intelligently and thoroughly. Perhaps if you would look closely you would see a whole lot of undesirable and pernicious immigration coming into your life and character. Call a General Assembly of your faculties, Reason, Conscience,